

**END OF YEAR ASSESSMENT TEST
VS3 LITERATURE IN ENGLISH
1 Hour 30 minutes**

Name **Stream**
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Instructions

Attempt ALL questions on the answer sheet provided

SECTION I: Poetry

1. Read the following poem carefully.

The Lazy Man

When the cock crows,
the lazy man smacks his lips and say:
“So, it’s daylight again, is it?”
And before he turns over heavily,
before he even stretches himself,
before he even yawns –
the farmer has reached the farm,
the water-carriers arrived at the river,
the spinners are spinning their cotton,
the weaver works on his cloth,
and the fire blazes in the blacksmith’s hut.

The lazy man knows where the soup is sweet;
he goes from house to house.
If there is no sacrifice today,
his breastbone will stick out!
But when he sees the free yam,
he starts to unbutton his shirt,
he moves close to the celebrants.

Yet his troubles are not few.
When his wives reach puberty,
Rich men will help him marry them.

traditional Yoruba

- a. What shows that the man in the poem is lazy? (03 marks)
- b. Explain the feelings the poem arouses in you. (06 marks)
- c. Explain what the speaker means by the following words (03 marks)
 - i. ‘When the cock crows’
 - i. ‘the lazy man knows where the soup is sweet’
 - ii. ‘his breastbone will stick out’
- d. Explain the lessons you have learnt from the poem. (06 marks)
- e. Do you think laziness should be discouraged in our society? Support your answer using evidence from your community. (08 marks)

SECTION II: Prose

2. Read the following extract from *The Pearl* by John Steinbeck and answer the questions that follow.

The scurrying procession came at last to the big gate in the wall of the doctor's house. They could hear the splashing water and the singing of caged birds and the sweep of the long brooms on the flagstones. And they could smell the frying of good bacon from the doctor's house. Kino hesitated a moment. This doctor was not of his people. This doctor was of a race which for nearly four hundred years had beaten and starved and robbed and despised Kino's race, and frightened it too, so that the indigene came humbly to the door. And as always when he came near to one of this race, Kino felt weak and afraid and angry at the same time. Rage and terror went together. He could kill the doctor more easily than he could talk to him, for all of the doctor's race spoke to all of Kino's race as though they were simple animals. And as Kino raised his right hand to the iron ring knocker in the gate, rage swelled in him, and the pounding music of the enemy beat in his ears, and his lips drew tight against his teeth - but with his left hand he reached to take off his hat. The iron ring pounded against the gate. Kino took off his hat and stood waiting. Coyotito moaned a little in Juana's arms, and she spoke softly to him. The procession crowded close the better to see and hear. 5 After a moment the big gate opened a few inches. Kino could see the green coolness of the garden and little splashing fountain through the opening. The man who looked out at him was one of his own race. Kino spoke to him in the old language. "The little one - the firstborn - has been poisoned by the scorpion," Kino said. "He requires the skill of the healer." The gate closed a little, and the servant refused to speak in the old language. "A little moment," he said. "I go to inform myself," and he closed the gate and slid the bolt home. The glaring sun threw the bunched shadows of the people blackly on the white wall. In his chamber the doctor sat up in his high bed. He had on his dressing-gown of red watered silk that had come from Paris, a little tight over the chest now if it was buttoned. On his lap was a silver tray with a silver chocolate pot and a tiny cup of egg-shell china, so delicate that it looked silly when he lifted it with his big hand, lifted it with the tips of thumb and forefinger and spread the other three fingers wide to get them out of the way. His eyes rested in puffy little hammocks of flesh and his mouth drooped with discontent. He was growing very stout, and his voice was hoarse with the fat that pressed on his throat. Beside him on a table was a small Oriental gong and a bowl of cigarettes. The furnishings of the room were heavy and dark and gloomy. The pictures were religious, even the large tinted photograph of his dead wife, who, if Masses willed and paid for out of her own estate could do it, was in Heaven. The doctor had once for a short time been a part of the great world and his whole subsequent life was memory and longing for France. "That," he said, "was civilized living" - by which he meant that on a small income he had been able to enjoy some luxury and eat in restaurants. He poured his second cup of chocolate and crumbled a sweet biscuit in his fingers. The servant from the gate came to the open door and stood waiting to be noticed. "Yes?" the doctor asked. "It is a little Indian with a baby. He says a scorpion stung it." The doctor put his cup down gently before he let his anger rise. "Have I nothing better to do than cure insect bites for 'little Indians'? I am a doctor, not a veterinary." "Yes, Patron," said the servant. "Has he any money?"

the doctor demanded. "No, they never have any money. I, I alone in the world am supposed to work for nothing - and I am tired of it. See if he has any money!" At the gate the servant opened the door a trifle and looked out at the waiting people. And this time he spoke in the old language. "Have you money to pay for the treatment?" Now Kino reached into a secret place somewhere under his blanket. He brought out a paper folded many times. Crease by crease he unfolded it, until at last there came to view eight small misshapen seed pearls, as ugly and gray as little ulcers, flattened and almost valueless. The servant took the paper and closed the gate again, but this time he was not gone long. He opened the gate just wide enough to pass the paper back. "The doctor has gone out," he said. "He was called to a serious case." And he shut the gate quickly out of shame. And now a wave of shame went over the whole procession. They melted away. The beggars went back to the church steps, the stragglers moved off, and the neighbors departed so that the public shaming of Kino would not be in their eyes. For a long time Kino stood in front of the gate with Juana beside him. Slowly he put his suppliant hat on his head. Then, without warning, he struck the gate a crushing blow with his fist. He looked down in wonder at his split knuckles and at the blood that flowed down between his fingers.

Questions

- a. Describe what happens before the extract. (04 marks)
- b. Basing on what happens in the passage explain what kind of person the doctor is. (06 marks)
- c. Explain the feelings brought out in you by the passage. (06 marks)
- d. Identify and explain three themes presented in the extract. (06 marks)
- e. In the extract, Kino does not get treatment for his son because he has no money to pay the doctor. In what ways is Kino's situation similar to what goes on in your society. Give clear evidence. (14 marks)

SECTION III: Drama

3. Society needs exemplary leaders in order to have peace, harmony and progress. Explain how the playwright uses Mwami Mhando to present this message in the play, *The Return of Mgofu*. (20 marks)

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